



GUY GARDNER
WARRIOR
TM

THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR

34
SEPT 86

PART 7

TAKE NO
PRISONERS
CONCLUSION!



BEAU
CAMPOS
DAVIS

PHIL JIMENEZ • 3-15

THE WAY THE STORY GOES, WARRIOR HAD SET OUT INTO SPACE WITH A POSSE FROM THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TO TRACK DOWN A WILD BUNCH OF PLANET KILLERS KNOWN AS THE TORMOCKS.

BUT THE TORMOCKS AND THEIR HIRED GUNS HAD BUSH-^WHACKED THE HEROES, TAKING SOME PRISONER AND LEAVING GUY TO THE MERCY OF THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF PAIN, KARINE.

WHILE IN SPACE THE LEAGUE GOT THE DROP ON THE BAD GUYS WITH ONE OF KARINE'S MUTANT CREATIONS. A SMALL BAND CONSISTING OF DIANA, HAWKMAN AND THE MYSTERIOUS BAD ONE CAME TO THE TORMOCK THRONE-WORLD AND BUSTED GUY LOOSE.

THIS DID NOT GO UNNOTICED...

THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR PART 7

DEATHROCK: Justice is Coming!

STORY: DEAN "WYATT EARP" SMITH
PENCILS: MARG "VINCE EARP" CAMPOS
INKS: DAN "BOB HOLIDAY" DAVIS
COLORS: LEE "JAMES EARP" LOVINGRIDGE
LETTERS: AL "MORGAN EARP"
DOUGHERMAN
EDITS: EDDIE "RAY MASTERSON"
BERNANZA





ELITE ONE, THE BREED IS NO LONGER IN HIDING. HE AND THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN LOCATED IN THE PLATEAU REGION IN MAXECTOR FIVE.

WE HAVE FIFTY LEGIONS IN THAT AREA.



EXCELLENT! SEE THAT THEY ARE HELD THERE UNTIL MY ASSASSINS ELITE ARRIVE.

YOU HEARD THE COMMUNIQUE, SLABB. YOU WILL JOIN WEP TEX, LUPUS, SLARM, AND TREACH THERE.

KILL ALL THOSE THAT TRAVEL WITH THE BREED.



GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SLOBBERING LOW-FORM!

BRONKK! YOU AND I WILL HAVE WORDS--NOW!

HISSESSSS!

BUT REMEMBER, THE LAST VULPARIAN IS TO BE MINE!

YESSS, I UNDERSTAND.

I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE STILL UPSET OVER THE LOSS OF THE BREED TO HIS SUBSPECIES COMPANIONS, EH, DEAR SISTER?



DO NOT "DEAR SISTER" ME, BRONKK. YOUR OWN SELF-SERVING JEALOUSY SHOWS BECAUSE IT WAS I THAT CAPTURED GUY GARD-NER--

--AND NOT YOUR PASSEL OF POOR-WITTED BRUTES.

ELL OVELSH



DO NOT THINK THAT BECAUSE WE ARE OF THE SAME BLOOD THAT I WILL NOT HESITATE TO SPLIT YOU WIDE OPEN AND SPILL THAT BLOOD.

I AM NOT AT FAULT FOR YOUR BEING STRATEGICALLY CHALLENGED.



I DID NOTICE THAT I DID NOT HAVE TO STEP OVER THE DEAD BODIES OF YOUR ENEMIES TO GET HERE, MY CUNNING BROTHER.

FLIQUISHH!



I THINK WE BOTH UNDERSTAND THE "POINT" OF THIS SITUATION, BRONKK.

SO IT APPEARS.

THE CHANCE OF ANY MORE OF HIS KIND SPAWNING WOULD HAVE BEEN NULLIFIED.

BRONKK, YOUR VISION IS SO LIMITED. YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO MY SCIENCE LEVEL.


TORMOCK BLOOD HAS BEEN WITHOUT PROPER OUTSIDE DNA FOR FAR TOO LONG.

TORMOCK LIFE SPANS HAVE DROPPED IN THE LAST TWO BIRTH LINES.

I WOULD HAVE HAD THE BREED IN MY POSSESSION BY NOW IF YOU HAD KEPT YOUR LIBIDO IN CHECK, KARINE.

THWANG!

KRAK!



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT IT WAS TORMOCK
PARA-BREEDING WITH VULPARIANS THAT MADE
OUR RACE THE GREAT DOMINATING POWER
THAT IT IS TODAY?


NO, I
HAVE
NOT.

BUT ALSO REMEMBER, KARINE,
THAT IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SAME
VULPARIANS THAT KILLED OUR
WORLD'S GREATEST
LEADER--

--OUR BROTHER--
HARKKUN!

CALL ME CRAZY--
BUT I LIKE IT.

THERE
ARE MANY,
GARDNER. ALL
WANTING OUR
BLOOD.

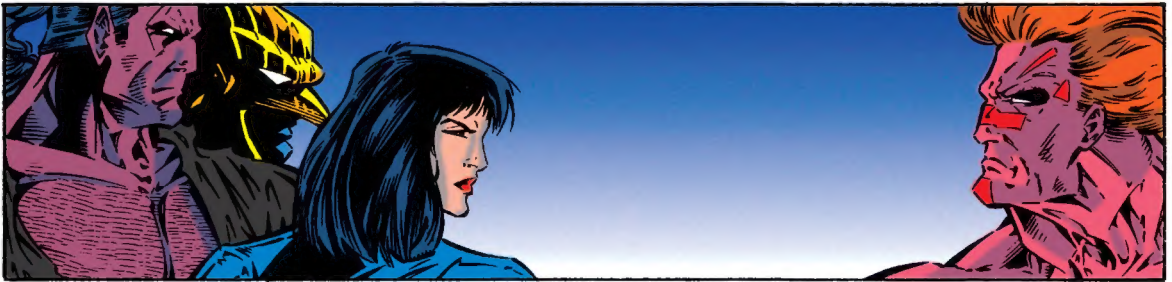


CUSTER'S LAST STAND,
THERMOPYLAE, AND
ROARKE'S DRIFT.
PLACES THAT MARKED
THE END OF THE LINE.
ALL WERE FINAL
STANDS.

WE'RE SURROUNDED
BY MORE SHOT-
SUCKERS AND PIN-
HEADS THAN I CARE
TO COUNT.

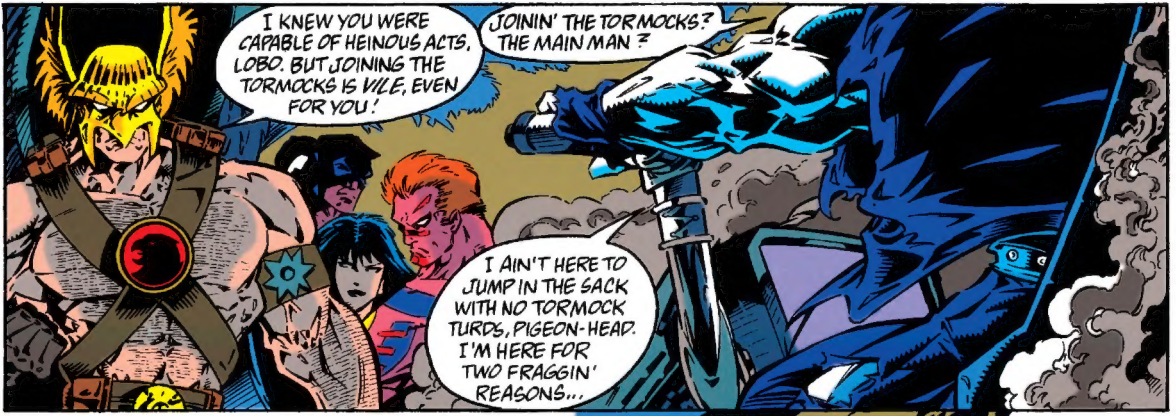
THIS COULD BE
OUR LAST
STAND.

YUP, BUT
WANTIN' AND
GETTIN' AIN'T
ALWAYS THE SAME,
AMIGO.









I KNEW YOU WERE CAPABLE OF HEINOUS ACTS, LOBO. BUT JOINING THE TORMOCKS IS VILE, EVEN FOR YOU!

JOININ' THE TORMOCKS? THE MAIN MAN?

I AIN'T HERE TO JUMP IN THE SACK WITH NO TORMOCK TURDS, PIGEON-HEAD. I'M HERE FOR TWO FRAGGIN' REASONS...



ONE, TO GIVE A PRIME-TIME LOBO-OTOMY TO ONE LIMP, BOUNTY-STEALIN', SAD LOBO-IMPERSONATIN' TORMOCK TOE-SUCKER BY THE NAME OF LUPUS!

TWO, CAUSE THESE BUTT-PICKIN' TORMOCKS HAVE COST ME A LOAD OF BOUNTIES SINCE THEY'VE BEEN OUT-BLOWIN' THE HELL OUT OF EVERY PLANET I GOT JOBS ON.

SIDES, KILLIN' LEECHING AND MOTARIANS IS GREAT FOR RELEASIN' STRESS.

THAT'S ALL JUST RAMPY, LOBO. BUT LET'S SEE IF YOU WALK THE WALK LIKE YOU TALK THE TALK.

I'M BETTIN' RIGHT NOW THAT ME WITH MY MIXED BAG OF ANCESTRY CAN POP MORE TORMOCKS AND VARIOUS OTHER SPACE-TRASH THAN YOU.

HAWK.



YEEEEAAH! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' MY NATIVE TONGUE.

YOU'RE ON, GARDNER.

YOU LOSE-- FREE ROUNDS AT WARRIORS DON'T FORGET, TORMOCK ROYALTY COUNTS DOUBLE.

YOU LOSE-- THAT BIKE'LL MAKE A NICE ADDITION TO THE BAR.

YES.

LET'S GET THIS THING GOIN'!

IN THE NEXT
MOMENT ALL
OF US, PROBERT,
HAWKMAN,
MYSELF, AND
EVEN LOBO,
SAW THE
PASSING...

...AND REBIRTH OF
GUY GARDNER.

PASSING IN THE FACT THAT
ALL OF THE CONFUSION AND
FRUSTRATION THAT HAD
ALWAYS HAUNTED GUY
THROUGH HIS LIFE WAS
FADING.

REBIRTH IN SAME FACT
THAT WE WERE WITNESSING
A TRUE WARRIOR BEING
BORN.

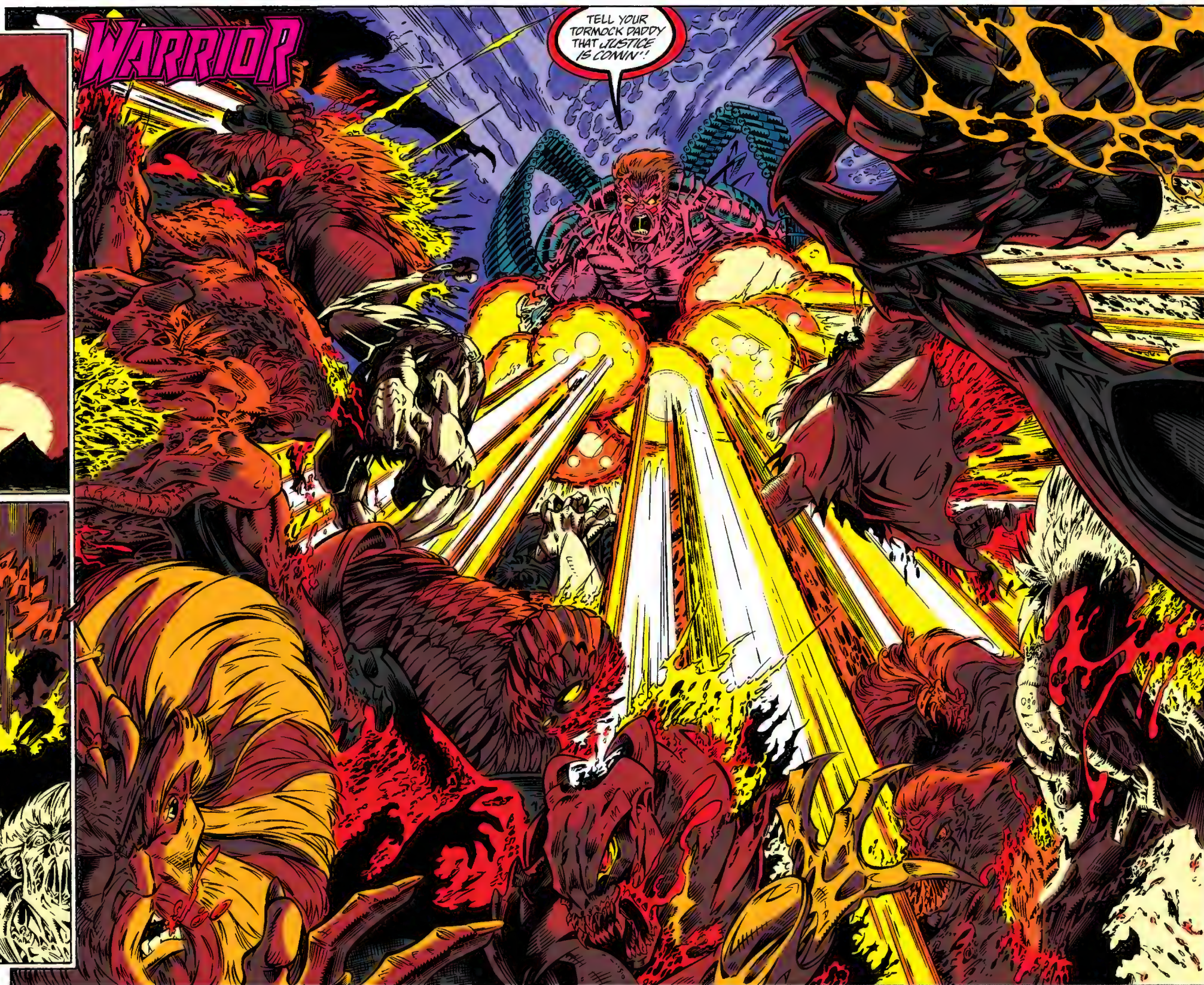
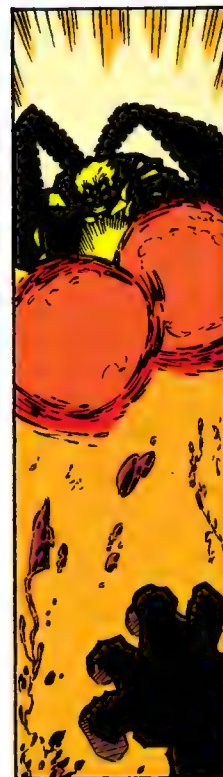
A WARRIOR LIKE THE
UNIVERSE HAD NEVER
SEEN BEFORE.

STRANGE. IN THE
MIDDLE OF WHAT
SEEMED TO BE
CERTAIN DEATH...

...NONE OF US EVER
FELT MORE ALIVE.



AND NO ONE FELT
IT MORE THAN...





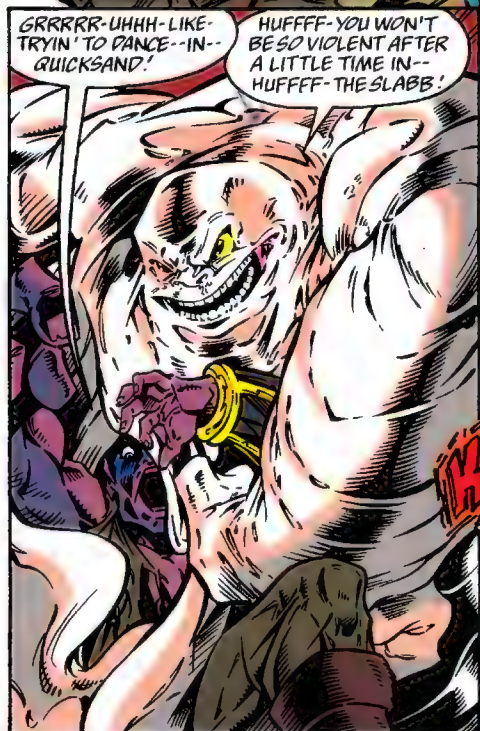
BRONNK AIN'T NO DUMMY. HE HAD SCHOOLED THESE LOSERS ON EACH OF US. FIGHTING STYLE, POWERS, ABILITY.

YA'D THINK THAT WOULD GIVE EM' THE EDGE.

THE TORMOCKS HAD PUT THEIR FIRST-STRING DUNG-HEADS INTO THE GAME. I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS MUCH SCUM RISE TO THE TOP IN A LONG TIME.

AND I AIN'T EVEN COUNTIN' LOBO.

NEVER COUNT YOUR HEADS BEFORE THEY'RE CRACKED.



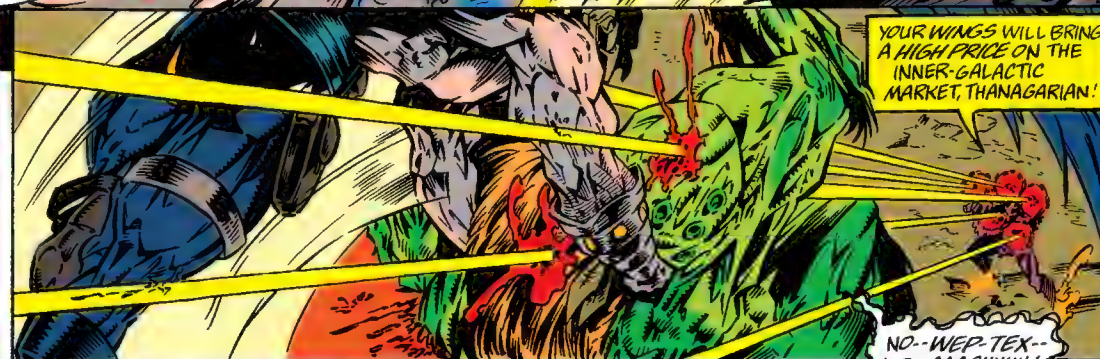
GRRRRR-UHHH-LIKE-TRYIN' TO DANCE--IN--QUICKSAND!

HUFFFF-YOU WON'T BE SO VIOLENT AFTER A LITTLE TIME IN--HUFFFF-THE SLABB!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO TREACH'Z?

FIRST PART OF YOUR MAKE-OVER THE NAILS HAVE TO GO!



YOUR WINGS WILL BRING A HIGH PRICE ON THE INNER-GALACTIC MARKET, THANAGARIAN!

NO--WEP-TEX--NO--AAAGHHH!



DON'T LIKE YOU SLAMMIN' MY FRAGGIN' REP AND SKULKIN' MY BOUNTIES, LIP-LESS!

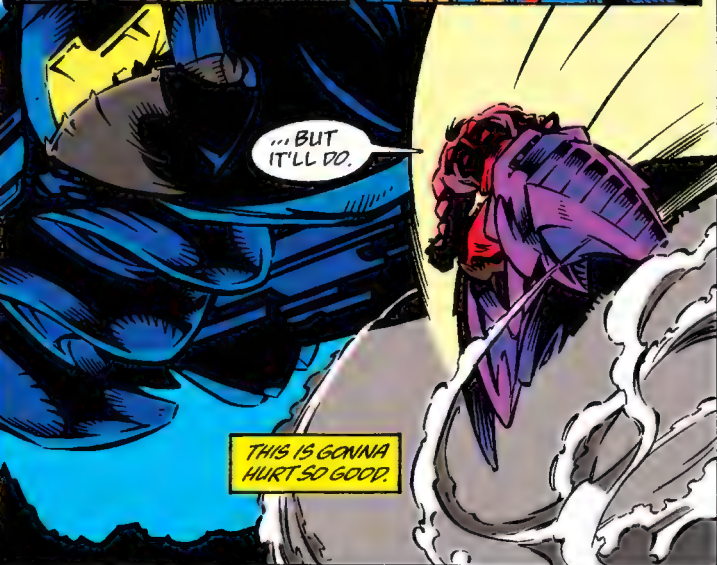
YA OWE ME SOME FLESH FOR THAT!

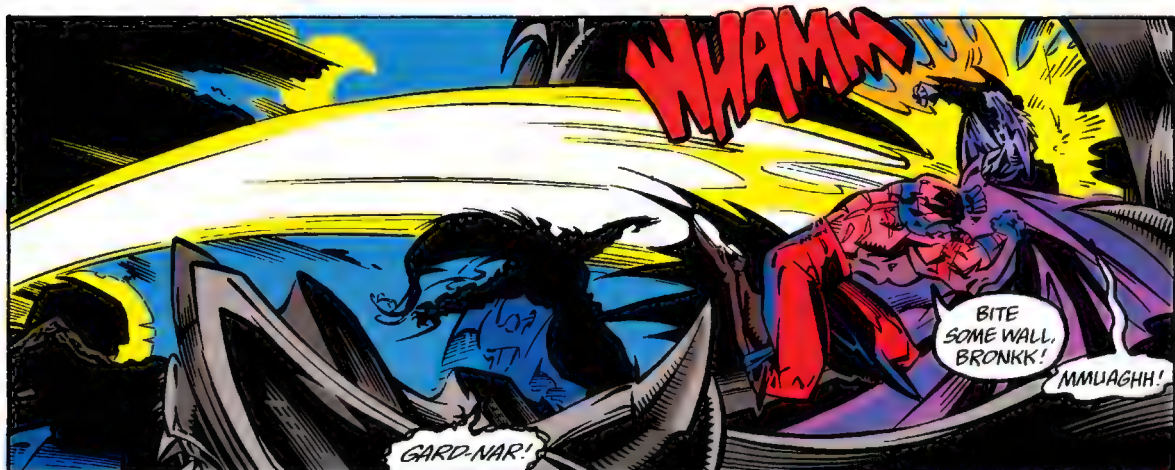
SQUAWK-OFF, GEEZER. YOU'RE GETTIN' A LITTLE LONG IN THE TOOTH FOR THIS GAME.

TIME FOR THE FAST AND THE YOUNG TO SHOVE YOUR DEAD BEAT BUTT OUTTA THE PACK!

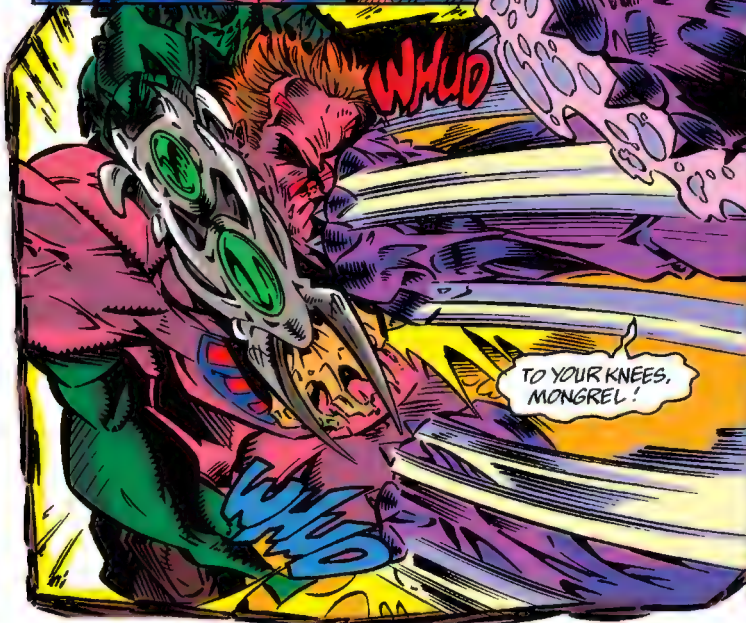


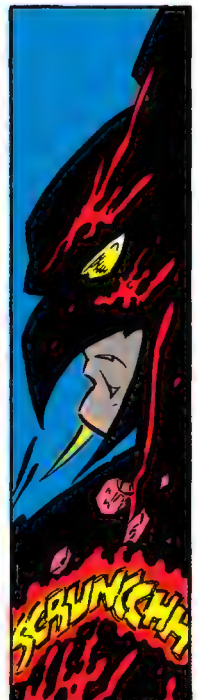
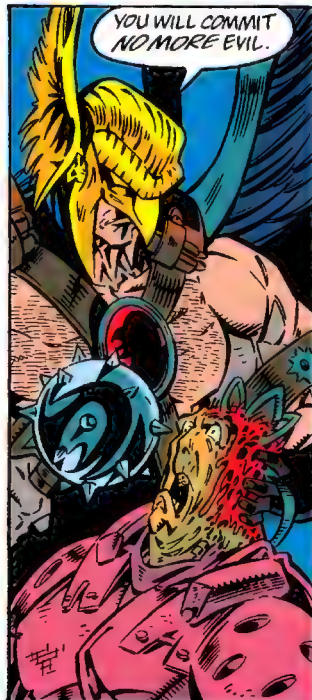
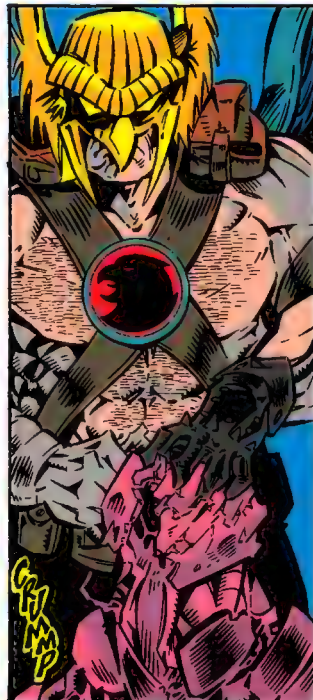
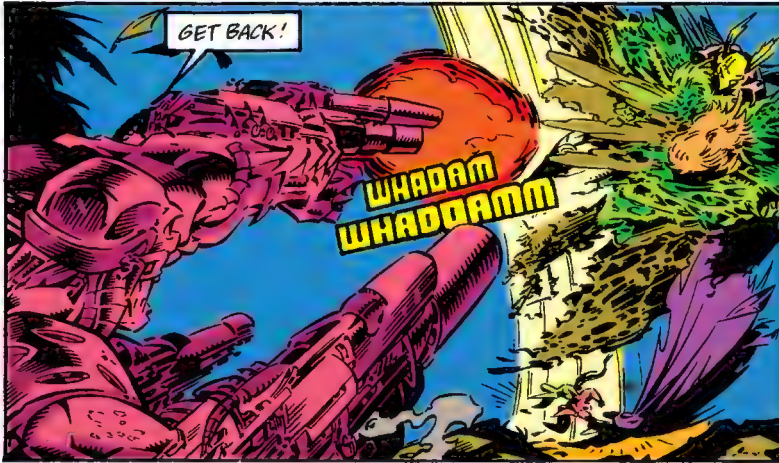
THEM'S DYIN' WORDS, CRUST-BUTT!

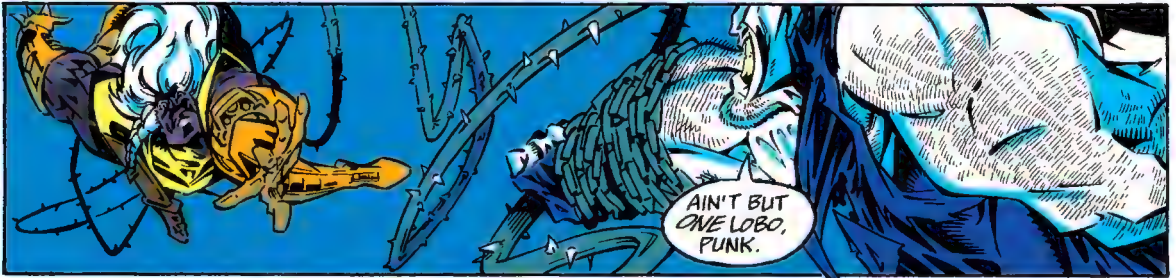
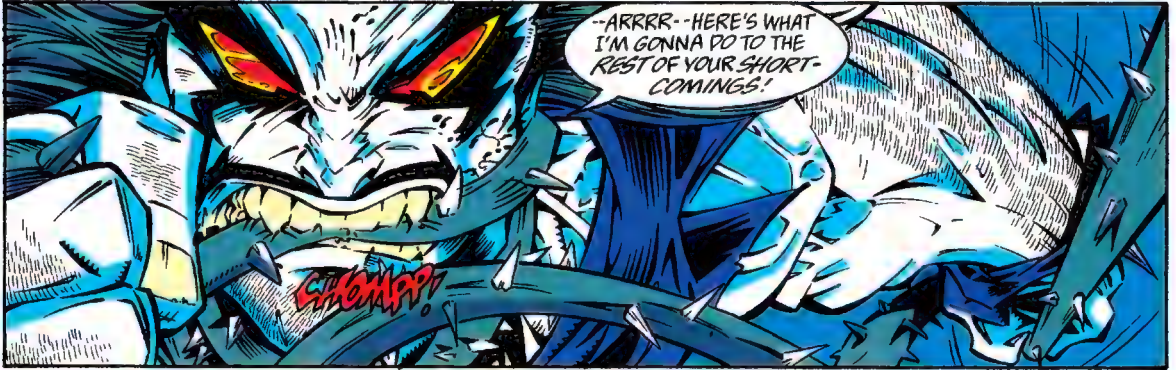
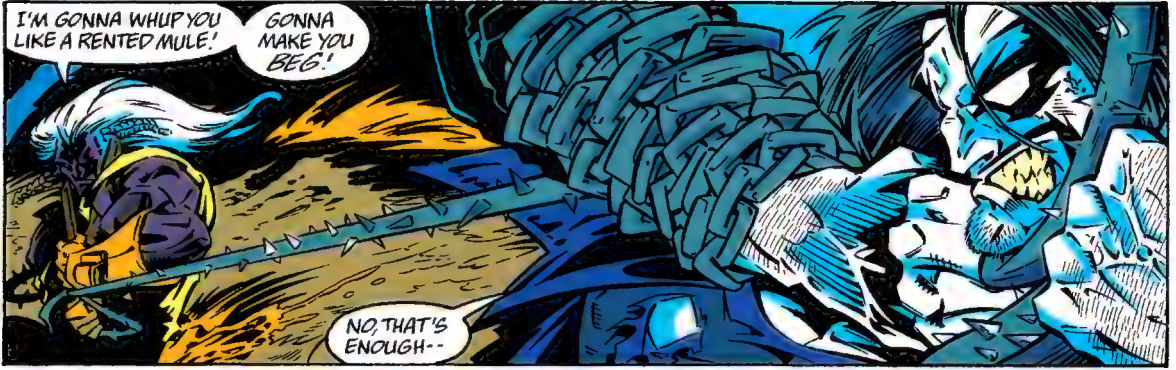




* IN HAWKMAN #23-ED









THOSE WERE...
MASKS?

ONLY A SELECT
FEW ARE ALLOWED
TO SEE THE TRUE
BEAUTY OF THE
TORNOKS.

YOU MISSED
YOUR OPPORTUNITY,
SORRY?

YEAH.



YOUR TIME FOR REGRETS IS OVER--

AFTER I FINISH YOU, I WILL
TORTURE YOUR COMPANIONS
FOR MANY DAYS.

SHOVE IT,
DUNG VADER!
AND YOU KNOW
WHERE.



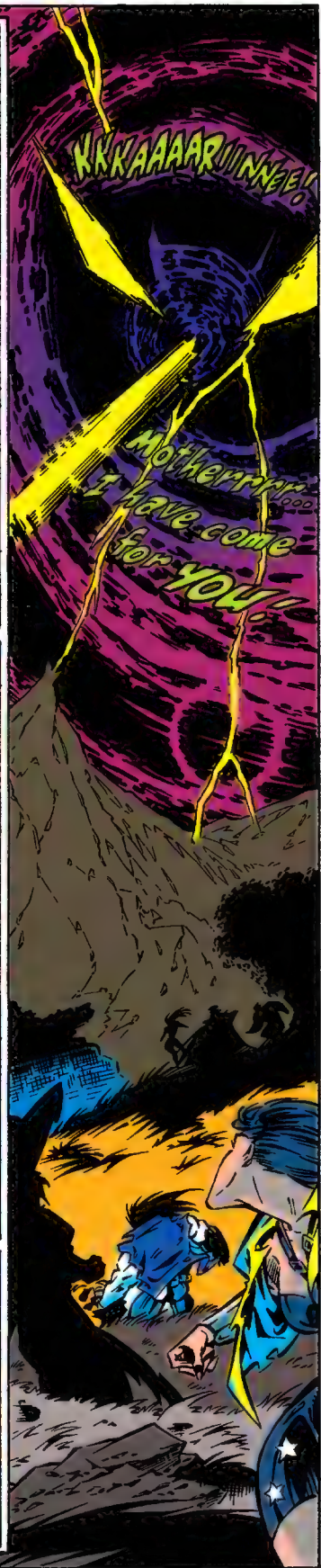
SHOVE IT,
YOU SAY?

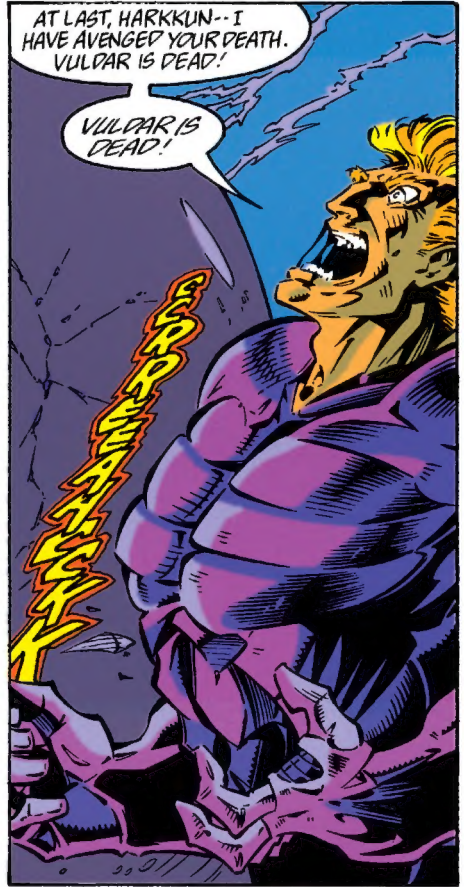
VERY WELL!

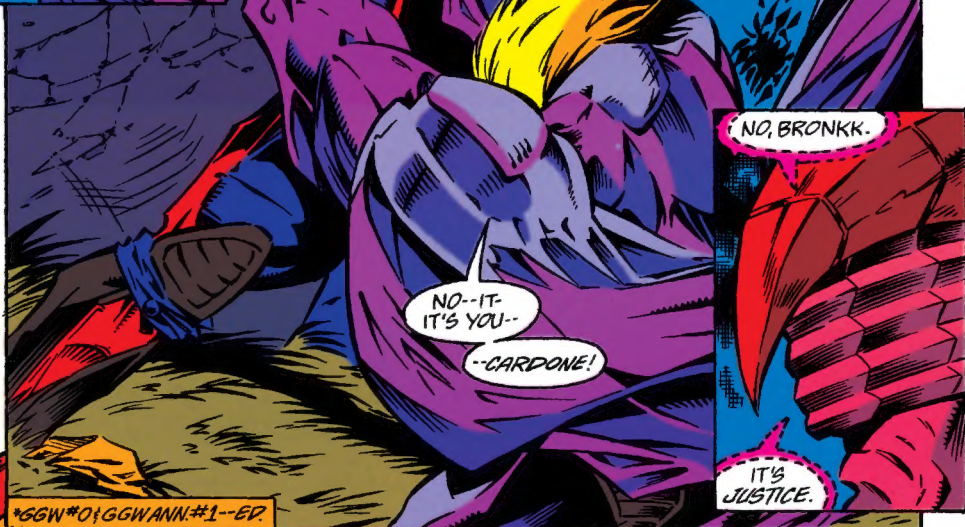
UUMMH!



WHAT IS...
NO, THE
DEVOURER!









THANK YOU FOR
BEING MY VESSEL
OF JUSTICE, GARD-NAR.
YOU ARE LAST OF
VULGAR.

FIRST OF
EARTH.

THE WARRIOR
WITHOUT EQUAL. YOU
ARE ALL THAT AND
MORE, MY SON.

MUCH MORE.

THANKS.

A LOT OF GHOSTS WERE
PUT TO REST TODAY, AND
SOME-- WERE SENT TO
HELL.

WHAT WE SHARED HERE CAN ONLY
BE SHARED WITH WARRIORS WHO
HAVE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE. A BOND
HAS FORMED THAT'LL NEVER BE
BROKEN.

WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER'S WAR
SOULS. SPILLED BLOOD FOR A
CAUSE MUCH GREATER THAN
OUR OWN LIVES...

...AND WON.

The
END

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

